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IRISH ANTIQUITIES.

A very curious ancient metal figure, of which the annexed cut is an exact representation, in a reduced size, has been recently found in the bog of Ballykerogue, county of Waterford, and is at present deposited in the interesting museum of Mr. Anthony, of Pilltown, in the same county. It is in high, or rather three-quarter, relief, having a flat or mural back, and measures nine inches in height, and seven in breadth at the base: the weight is sixteen pounds. The part of the bog in which it was discovered, had not been cut before, within the memory of man.



We are not prepared, at present, to offer any conjecture relative to the subject of this very singular remain, and shall, therefore, merely express our opinion that its style indicates it to be of very high antiquity. Our chief object in presenting it to the notice of our readers is to put its discovery on record, and at the same time to acquaint the public that our columns shall be open at all times for the reception of any authenticated communications that may be offered to us, respecting antiquities found in Ireland, and our best efforts given to elucidate them. The quantity of antiquities, as well of the precious as of the inferior metals, constantly found in Ireland, is, we are persuaded, much greater than those who are little conversant with such matters could form a notion of, or deem possible. Yet, of these, from the want of an enlightened taste in our country, and still more, of a national museum, for the preservation of such remains, but a very small portion indeed come under public notice, or escape the crucible of the mechanic, or destruction in some mode or other. Figures of bronze, and other metals, have been frequently found. Mr. Ouseley had in his museum many such; and Governor Pownall speaks of a large figure of wood, covered with thin plates of gold, and which he supposed to have been a statue of Mithras, which was found in the county of Tipperary. Of these, and many other remains of the kind, which have been found in our island, there are now no existing memorials. We are anxious to promote a more national and enlightened spirit; and court the co-operation of those who sympathize with us in feeling this to be a subject worthy the regard of all who possess refined and cultivated minds.

THE DRAMA.

WERNER.—OSMYN.

MACREADY's engagement terminated on Saturday evening; and we may say, without intending to be very poetical, that one of the brightest of the stars which gilded our western hemisphere this winter, has departed from us. His setting, too, was extremely brilliant—his last appearance being in Osmyn. The star system, which alone is found to succeed in Dublin, has its advantages and its disadvantages, like most other sublunary things. As we can seldom calculate on having even two or three of the first magnitude before us at once, we must in general wait for some favorable conjunction which may bring about the arrangement we should desire. Thus we have been deprived of Macready's Cassius this season—a representation the most perfect that we ever remember to have seen; Young's Iago, and Kean's Shylock, are master-pieces, personifications respectively perhaps never equalled: but the Cassius stands, at least in our mind, the first in the foremost rank of histrionic wonders; in it the actor outdoes himself—it takes precedence even of his Virginius and William Tell, characters which he alone can represent to perfection. It would seem indeed to be the peculiar prerogative of Macready, to appropriate to himself every new character that he studies; and we should be almost tempted emphatically to pronounce this to be the case with his Werner and Osmyn, in the newly performed Dramas of Byron and Maturin. But nobody has a better right to them. It is highly probable, that but for the critical discernment of Macready, these literary gems might have rested in as much obscurity as if they were buried in "the dark, unfathomed caves of ocean." Werner was published for some years, it is true; but it had no admirers. The author was taken at his word—as more modest authors but too often are—it was simply understood to be an adaptation and development of a favorite story, but neither suited nor intended for stage effect. Yet by a few judicious curtailments, and a slight accession (not alteration) to the catastrophe, Macready saw how it could be rendered a most effective tragedy. The chief curtailments are observable in the lopping off some speeches of the minor characters, which did not bear very strictly on the plot—those of Werner are untouched; and the catastrophe is heightened, by Ulric's arrest as he goes off in bold defiance, Gabor the Hungarian having procured an armed band for the purpose. Werner, too, dies broken hearted in pronouncing the concluding speech. Such is the whole amount of Mr. Macready's theatrical editorship; and it is enough, as we conceive, to render Werner a most valuable accession to the best stock pieces of our theatres. It is stamped—but we hope not quite monopolized, by the impress of Macready's excellent performance—Young, or Charles Kemble, might very well perform the part, and find in it ample room for the display of their powers. We shall not stay to make further remarks on Werner. The passages which told best in the representation, may however be briefly noticed. These were, Werner's short dialogue with Stralenheim in the first act; his attempted justification of the theft in the second; in the fourth, the interview with the abbot, when Werner rids himself of the stolen gold, by bestowing it for masses for the soul of Stra-

lenheim; and in the last act, we seldom recollect to have heard any thing more powerfully touching than the manner in which Macready pronounces the lines:—

Stop! I command—intreat—implore! Oh Ulric!
Will you thus leave me?

There is no spilling of blood in the catastrophe. Werner falls under the pressure of mental agony—the victim of remorse—fully impressed with the baleful influence which his own early ill example has had on the morals and habits of his ill-tutored son.

Osmyn is a tragedy of another description. It is of a higher and more complicated and stirring interest. Werner is simply beautiful and dignified, while Osmyn is grand, may gorgeous, profusely adorned with the sublime imaginings, and the glowing language, which befit the highest order of dramatic poetry. Compared with the heroic strains of Osmyn, Werner may be almost accounted a domestic tragedy. The place, the period, the plot, and the personages of Osmyn, are chosen with great skill—they fasten strongly on the feelings of the audience. We behold the retributive justice of an overruling Providence displayed in fearful operation. A ruined man rashly despairs—spurns his country and his religion—cherishes the prospect of revenge for twenty years—and at last falls a victim—taken in his own toils. Such was Osmyn—once the prince of Salerno. The sudden interruption of a neighbouring prince, stripped him of every thing, save life—and this was allowed him only to be lingered out in the torment of darkness, and famine, and chains. He escapes; but cut to the soul by witnessing what he conceives to be the unfaithfulness of Matilda, his beloved wife, he flees to the shore; flings back in desperation the cross he always wore upon his bosom; joins the Ottoman, and at once becomes a renegade and the sworn enemy of his country. Twenty years pass over him in the service of the Turks; and while honors are heaped upon him for his bravery and military talents, they are hoarded up and cherished as the future instruments of revenge. At length he commands an armament against Salerno; storms it; but restrains his somewhat relenting fury against the survivors, in condemning his own son to be a slave as a victim for them. He conceives the youth to be the son of his destroyer; he knows not that Guiscard was "the unborn burthen of Matilda's bosom," when ruin came upon the unhappy Osmyn. The disclosure comes too late; the prince is saved indeed, but the father falls by the scymetar of a ruthless enemy. What we have here attempted to relate in a few brief words, constitutes the outline of the tragedy. The action commences with the siege of Salerno, and terminates with the death of Osmyn. It would occupy a much larger space than we can at present afford, to point out even a few of the numerous beauties which adorn the piece; but we are the less anxious on this head, as we hope to present our readers, at an early opportunity, with some extracts from the manuscript. Those who have witnessed the representation will not readily forget the narrative of Osmyn at the beginning of the third act. The description of the dungeon; the darkness; the famine he endured; the frightful escape, and the desperate condition in which he cursed his country and his God—all this, uttered by Macready, formed one of the most heart rending tales we ever heard. Then the whole interview with Guiscard, while he only knows him

as the son of Manfred; the dream which he relates with averted head to Matilda, after she has procured audience, and when he discovers himself upon that occasion to be her lord, long deemed dead—these were passages all wrought up in the highest style of dramatic excellence. The feelings of the spectators all through are preserved in that awful yet delightful state of suspense which it is one of the chief objects of the dramatic poet to effect. This is in itself sufficient proof of the judicious arrangement of the incidents; while the applause so liberally bestowed on the descriptive and declamatory passages, attest the language to be glowing and poetical in an eminent degree, and the imagery to be drawn from a rich and luxuriant store. We speak in a strain of panegyric, no doubt,—but we cannot help that—we speak from the fullness of our satisfaction. Yet were we required to point out defects, we should readily suggest, by way of improvement, not as subject of censure, the curtailment of some of the speeches of Romoald and Sismondi, in the first act. But even here we should rather incline to suspend our decision; the parts should have been committed to better actors.

To Macready, for his exertions in producing so successfully these fine tragedies, the highest praise is decidedly due. But it would be unjust to allow the splendour of his merits to eclipse those of his helpmate in both pieces—Miss Huddart—who in Josephine and Matilda acquitted herself with distinguished ability. Her portraiture of the gentle affections belonging to the former character, and of the maternal solicitude and distress incidental to the latter, marked both performances as truly excellent. We consider this young lady as an *artiste* of much merit; an ornament to our national theatre. Her accurate conception of the parts she usually plays—and they are of the first order, both in tragedy and high comedy—her lady-like mien, together with her personal attractions, will ultimately, we have no doubt, enable her to attain an elevated rank in her profession; and we have much satisfaction in knowing that the opinion which we now express coincides with that of some of the ablest judges in this and the sister kingdom. Unfortunately we defer too much in this city to the stamp of a London reputation. Many a night did Miss O'Neil play to empty benches in our theatre, before she was led by her better genius to the British metropolis.—But Miss Fanny Kemble will presently be received here with open arms;—and so she should, for though she is not pretty, handsome is—the text is somewhat musty; but we shall present our readers with the comment on Miss K's. arrival.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE THIRD DREAM.—A DRAMATIC SKETCH. (For the Dublin Literary Gazette.)

*Louisa asleep on a couch.
Julia watching her.*

Julia.—I'll read no more. The night air locks mine eyes,
And thickens heavily around my heart,
Stifling its motion. Night, dull, rayless night,
How like a shroud, it folds the silent world!
Sepulchring it within the vaulted skies,
A dim, mysterious death-space! Springing fears,
And dusky thoughts, and fancies undefined,
And shadows huge and disproportionate,
Of things that never have been and ne'er can be,
Flit all abroad upon the murky air,
Mingling the human feelings of my soul,

And giving it a wild, bewildered sense
Of the close presence of existencies
Invisible—nay even a dream of sounds
Whispers into the startled soul strange tales
Which mortal ears have never heard. Oh! heavens!
Is that a groan?—Again!—'Tis from the couch.
My poor Louisa! rest! thou hast need:
Another long and sobbing sigh. Alas!
Sleep is not always balmy! Is this sleep?
Her bosom heaves, her writhing features work
With the strong agony of deep emotions,
Aroused in crowding and contending might;
Large drops are bursting o'er her knitted brow,
And her white fingers gripe, and clasp, and lock
With eager and convulsive violence.
Such sleep is worse than wakefulness. Louisa!
Awake thee dear Louisa! 'tis my voice—
It is thy sister call!

Louisa.—Thanks, gentle Julia!
My own kind sister, thanks! Oh! raise my head,
And wipe my brow, and turn me on my couch,
That I may see thee, hear thee, speak to thee.
Oh! Julia, I have seen such sights!

Julia.—Mere dreams!
Thou art unwell; and when the body's ill,
The dreaming mind shapes sympathetic visions
Of unsubstantial evil: nothing more.

Louisa.—Ah! Julia! did'st thou know what 'tis to have
Within the secret chambers of the heart
The thronged presence of a dreadful power—
A power at once accuser, witness, judge.

Julia.—Sure you are dreaming still! What has your mind
To fear from conscience? Smile away the cloud
That wraps thy brow, and darkens o'er thine eye;
And look as thou wert wont, bright, mild, serene,
Like the young May-moon in the clear night-heavens.

Louisa.—Oh! Julia, would that I had clung to thee
And thy ethereal musings! told to thee
The wayward wishes of my feeble heart;
And ruled my life by counsel! But 'tis past!
The night of fate has thickened round my soul;
And chance, and choice, and deeds of other days,
Have now become the grim and beckoning shades
Of irreversible necessity!

Julia.—Dear sister, how mysteriously you talk!
Something broods on your mind. For your own sake
Disburden your sick brain of these sick fancies;
Give me to share your griefs!

Louisa.—Then hear, and pity!
At least, oh! censure me in gentle words!
Thou'st seen young Herbert! used I tell thee then
How like the day-king, burning in the east,
Extinguishing the feeble fires of heaven
By his excess of glory, 'mong our youth
The gallant Herbert shone! To me his vows
Of love were breath'd a secret: proud I heard—
Proud as a queen before whose gold-bound foot,
The conqueror of a thousand nations kneels,
And yields the homage of his victor-crown,
Taming the haughty terror of his words
To fond submissive flatteries. Even thee
My proud heart scorned. My soul enraptured drank
The nectar of his love-tale. Oft we met;
And glorying in my power, with dalliance light
I waned with his heart, casting it loose
Capriciously, then lurking, and returning
Like a train'd falcon; even till I've feared
My eagle-captive might his silken bonds
Burst, and soar freely thro' the blue of heaven.
But this is toying with my ebbing life!
We pledged deep vows of mutual love—deep vows
Of constancy eternal; we exchanged,
And vow'd to wear for ever next our hearts,
Ringlets, twin talismans of love and faith!
But from that hour my tameless spirit knew
No rest, no peace: the ringlet and my vows
Were fetters and enthralment; even his smiles
And soft caresses, and fond blandishments,
Insulting seemed. Into the giddy whirl
Of levity I plunged, spurning restraint.
He saw—he strove to win—to lure me from
My reckless folly. With cold looks of scorn
I bade him chide his slaves. Again he spoke,
He called to mind our vows. With frantic hand
I tore the ringlet from my breast, I cast
Its scattered fragments at his feet. 'Behold
'The end,' I cry'd, 'of the presumptuous spell
With which thou thought'st to bind me! from this
hour

I scorn thee, I detest thee!' Calm he stood—
Sorrow and indignation in his eye,
Kindled and strove; but on his noble brow
Resolve sat throned. 'And is this then,' he said,
'The end of all thy vows? Oh! perjured one!
Too long, with fickle selfishness, hast thou
Trifled with my heart's hopes, and joys, and woes,
Expelling to see me rack'd—thou shalt no more
Leave me thus! yes! but hope not thou for peace:
Thy broken vows shall haunt thee! yes, I go!
But on my heart I'll bear thy ringlet still;
And it shall be, as thou hast said, a spell
To knit our destinies in union close.
My bodily form shall meet thine eyes no more:
But in the crisis of our fate—in hours
Of agony, of peril, and of death,
Our plighted spirits yet may converse hold.
Farewell till then! he said, and with a glance
That withered all my heart, he pass'd away.

Julia.—Sure this is no true tale of waking deeds;
'Tis all a vision.

Louisa.—Would it were! Alas!
'Tis all too terrible reality!
He kept his promise: from that fatal hour
I never saw him more. The serpent tooth
Of keen remorse, my very heart-strings gnaw'd.
To stifle self-accusing thought I rush'd
Into the van of fashion's quackeries.
Yet while I smiling led the heartless train,
In very bitterness of soul I scorned
Their gilded mockeries, their bright deceits;
But 'mid the gauds of this most barren show—
This restless dissipation of the heart,
The bolt of fate, mustered, and aimed, and launched
By mine own perjured vows, burst on my head,
And left me scathed and withered to the core—

Julia.—What dost thou mean? What bolt? How
left thee scathed?

Louisa.—'Twas a gay scene of sportive revelry:
The merry dance, the song, the trembling strings
Of music's many-warbling instruments,
Had left me warm and listless. On my couch
I threw my wearied form: a troubled sleep
Oppress'd me, robbing present consciousness,
But yielding no repose. I seemed to pace
With haughty steps, a populous city's port,
A thousand ships were riding in the bay,
The countless boats, gliding like living things,
Seaward and landward: One, I knew not why,
Attracted my fix'd gaze, amid its crew
Whomet mine eyes? Young Herbert! There he stood—
One hand was in his bosom, grasping close
My plighted ringlet; with the other hand,
He waved adieu to Britain's cliff-bound shores.
The skies grew dark, the waves rose wild between;
I saw no more—but in mine ear there rang
The long, low, pealing of a passing bell,
And aye it seemed to say, "Farewell, farewell,
Once, twice, we meet again—farewell, farewell,
We must as spirits meet—farewell, farewell!"
In horror I awoke, and waking knew
My doom pronounced—felt that the fatal spell
Had caught me in its irreversible toils.
Yet not the less traced I the giddy road
Misanamed of pleasure; while the venom'd barb
Festered within my heart, and in its source
Poisoned the current of my life. Enough!
Why should I trace to thee my mad career?
To see, whose kind endeavours strove to save
A self-condemned, a doomed, and reckless wretch.

Julia.—Dear sister, calm thy heart! Thou wilt re-

And sufferings past will rise a thorny hedge,
Fencing the path that, in thy days to come,
Shall lead thy steps to virtue.

Louisa.—Julia, no!
My second knell was pealed; my third is near,
And it rings out my death-hour. I have held
Converse with him again, in spirit—seen
Sights horrible and ghastly!

Julia.—Why wilt thou
Brood on such themes? 'Tis all the spectral work
Of thy sick fancy. Think of it no more;
'Twill but increase your ailments. Come, you must
Yield unconditional obedience
To your physician.

Louisa.—I have more to tell,
And must give it utterance now—or never.
Thou knowest but few hours have sped their round
Since spent with pain and wakefulness, I sunk
Into a dreamy slumber; scarcely had
My outward senses shut upon the world,
When on my disengaged spirit rushed
Its inward powers that mock at time and space;
And I beheld across the tropic seas—
Two mighty fleets borne on their canvass wings,
With swift encountering intent. They met:
At once a burst of fire girdled each mass
Of tilting oak—at once a crashing roar
Of thunder stunned the weltering ocean-waves;
Dark sulphurous smoke rose eddying coil on coil,
As peal on peal the murderous volleys rolled.
Full in the vortex of the battle storm
Stood Herbert—grim with smoke his lofty brow,
Blood-streaked his gallant form: I looked again,
And on the gory deck rolled in a heap
Of mangled quivering life he lay! They raised
His shattered frame, and as they bear him past,
His one hand in his bosom wrought, and griped
The fatal ringlet. Louder rung the peal
Of the wild passing bell; and clearer spoke
Articulate denunciations—"One farewell—
Once more we meet again—one more farewell!"
With fruitless agony I strove to speak—
To follow him—to clasp him to my heart—
But here thy gentle voice dispelled my dream,
And well I know that my 'Third Dream' will come,
My third knell call, and I shall wake no more;
Or if I wake it will but be—to die!

Julia.—'Tis wrong, 'tis sinful thus to talk! I'll raise
Your aching head, arrange your downy couch,
And with soft music lull you to repose.

Louisa.—In vain, dear Julia! Repose? Alas!
I never shall repose again! Even sleep
Is now to me a fearful enemy,
Slipping the eager blood-hounds of despair,
And fell remorse, till my whole soul is wild
With frantic horror! No, I dare not sleep!